EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

MIRACLE IN ALABAMA BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

THE Nation

MARCH 3, 1956
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NEW SOVIET BLUEPRINT

Challenge to the West

Paul Wohl and Alexander Werth

The Melish Affair . . *by David L. Weissman*

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"We Will All Stand Together"

Montgomery, Alabama

AFTER they had been arraigned by the court in wholesale fashion, the eighty-nine indicted boycott leaders and their friends walked to the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church for a special prayer service. (And all over Montgomery other Negroes were shunning vehicles and walking in a pilgrimage of protest against the arrests.) With the spirit and ingenuity that has characterized the leadership of this historic movement, Reverend M. L. King offered a new hymn for the occasion, set to the tune of *Old-Time Religion*. The stanzas went like this:

> We are moving on to victory
> We are moving on to victory
> We are moving on to victory
> With hope and dignity.
>
> We will all stand together . . .
> Until we all are free.
>
> Black and white both are brothers...
> To live in harmony.

Indeed, the blending of "old-time religion" with a new determination to achieve racial equity is the essence of the boycott. The grand jury report accused the Negro Interdenominational Alliance of creating it; ministers became spokesmen for the avowed reason that it was harder to put "pressure" on them. But the role of the church has deeper roots than that. In the Deep South the church —the "colored" church, that is—is literally the Negro's only sanctuary. Only here can rare interracial gatherings be held; only here are mass meetings safe from police raids. The only language of protest that does not bring harsh reprisal from the white community is protest couched in Christian terminology, so here the Negro must come to air his grievances.

After the singing of the hymn, the meeting was thrown open to "Quaker-style" prayer, and those who responded also indicated in their speech and manner the blend of the old and the new. Said one man with great gestures and rhythmical intonation:

> I am brought to recollection of that plantation in Monroe County, where the sun never shined, where we were driven by hard taskmasters. I walked away from there to go to school. I walked to school for seven, eight years and nobody ever gave me a dime. Now I have walked from the jail house to the house of the Lord. I believe Jesus has led me in my travel and I believe he will lead me to that great river where the tide of segregation doesn't reach.

Reverend King, who is president of the organization coordinating boycott strategy and who has suffered the bombing of his home besides the present indictment, also contributed a prayer. He is a young man—only twenty-seven—and his dress is nattily colliegiate. But he speaks with a dignity and articulateness that command instant respect. He said: "We have been exploited economically, excluded socially and dominated politically. But we are funny. The Negro is funny. He can endure. He can smile. He can keep hoping and striving." He then asked that the meeting close by singing *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen*.

But before the hymn was started, another boycott leader rose to tell of a young minister and his pregnant wife who were stranded in Montgomery on their way to Pensacola, Florida. He asked for each person present to contribute a dime toward their bus fare. Dollar bills were immediately flashed. He then declared that any money over the amount needed would be placed in the boycott fund. But, out of the generosity of a people in trouble toward someone else in worse trouble, the cry went up: "Give it all to them, give it all."

As the group left the church, a magazine photographer led them to the state capitol building a block away to have them pose for a group shot on the lily-white steps. They obliged readily: ministers, doctors, dentists, insurance executives, clubwomen, postal employees, truck drivers, college professors and students, seamstresses, porters, cafe operators, air force sergeants—all standing unabashed and unvanquished in the shadow of Jefferson Davis' statue.

IN A prominent spot on the front page of the Montgomery *Advertiser* of February 24, the day of the arraignments, the following story appeared:

> Federal Bureau of Investigation agents are known to have secured a complete list of Negroes indicted and arrested on charges of boycotting the Montgomery City Lines.
>
> FBI agents had no comment on the securing of the list.
>
> It was understood, however, that the list was to be sent to the Washington FBI office for informational use.

I telephoned the FBI office to ask if this were true, and if it were, what was the bureau's interest in a state matter. I pointed out that the item seemed designed to intimidate people and that national concern over events here called for some clarification.

The agent I talked to said he couldn't tell me anything over the phone. When I offered to meet him at his office, he said he couldn't tell me anything more there than he could over the phone. Finally, after many expressions of regret, he declared: "No comment."

The possibility therefore exists that the FBI is screening the boycotters the way it scrutinizes political dissenters. Then again, perhaps the Department of Justice is pondering civil-rights action against those who drew up the indictments against the boycotters. Such a move would be a political masterstroke in this election year. ALFRED MAUND

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THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Miracle in Alabama . . by Carey McWilliams

THE INDICTMENT of a hundred or more Negroes in Montgomery for leading a peaceful mass protest movement against segregated city buses places not them but the American nation on trial. Whether we have the courage or candor to acknowledge it, the fact that is that the indictment calls in question every value —moral, political and constitutional—to which we so glibly pledge allegiance; here and now is a test which will determine the loyalty of the entire nation to its basic ideals and values.

Great issues are sometimes difficult to recognize. The issue in Montgomery is not whether this outrageous indictment will be upheld in the courts; one may safely assume that, ultimately, it will be set aside. Nor is it primarily a question of whether racial violence in some form or other will occur. This may or may not happen. Something far more important is at stake in Montgomery, "the cradle of the Confederacy." America is promises. At stake in Montgomery is the fidelity of every citizen to the promises which are America.

It is one thing to ask citizens to be patient in seeking a redress of grievances; it is something else again when the right to petition for a redress of grievances is itself denied. The Montgomery indictment strikes at this right; it is a crude attempt to intimidate an entire community. The Negroes of Montgomery are not asserting a narrow legal principle; they are proclaiming to the world their insistence on being regarded as members of the human race. The movement they have organized is peaceful. It is moral. It is constitutional. Not to support their modest proclamation is to repudiate one's birthright and heritage as an American.

What is happening in Montgomery is in the nature of a miracle, something that has never happened before in the history of the South. A community which only a few years ago, like most Negro communities in the South, gave the appearance of being inert and apathetic, without structure or form, has, without any outside help or assistance, organized itself into a disciplined, articulate, superbly confident community. This transformation represents a fulfillment of the American dream, achieved in broad daylight, in the full but uncomprehending gaze of the nation and the world. Not the false American dream of two-tone classy sports cars, kitchens laden with gadgets and "little" $17,000 ranch houses (California-style) in the suburbs; but a realization of the real American dream of freedom and equality and the dignity and worth of every human being.

The South of the White Citizens Councils understands what has happened. It realizes full well that the Montgomery bus boycott is a major historic development with irreversible consequences. If the Negroes win, the same non-violent Gandhian resistance may spread throughout the South. Hence the "white" South is determined to suppress it. At first the opposition could not believe the boycott would be sustained. Now an effort is being made to intimidate the leadership. Should intimidation fail, physical violence and terror may be used. Violence, in fact, has already been used. Yet the South should have the wit to recognize that the Montgomery Negroes cannot fail for the simple reason that they have already succeeded. Knowledge once given, we have been told, cannot be recalled. By indicting the leadership of this movement, the "white" South has—most ironically—not only advertised the methods used; it has acknowledged their effectiveness. Win or lose in Montgomery, this type of resistance is likely to spread.

AT THE moment what is chiefly to be feared is not a failure of nerve or determination on the part of the peaceful resisters but of imagination on the part of the rest of us. The "white" South seems incapable of imagining how it looks to the world. The rest of the nation views the South as though it can hardly believe what it reads and hears. It acts as though the Montgomery bus boycott were merely another racial "incident"—a provincial noise that will soon subside. The "white" South stares incredulously at the Negro, the nation stares incredulously at the South, and the world stares incredulously at America. This incredulity needs to be banished all around. What is happening in Montgomery is not happening in the Union of South Africa. It is not a nightmare. It is not a television script or a movie. This is no "Communist" or any other kind of plot. What is happening in Montgomery is an American miracle. Here citizens, acting openly under leaders selected from their own ranks, in response to motivations which are religious and moral as well as social and economic, have banded together to insist that they be recognized as human beings. They ask for nothing more. For the nation not to lend them its moral support—and there will be opportunities to support them in other ways as well—would be tantamount to a repudiation of the promise of American life.

The miracle in Alabama, unheralded, without prece-

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dent, has put the entire nation to the test. It is not merely that the Administration from the President down has been placed on notice that the lives and liberties of the Negro residents of Montgomery are endangered; this they have been told. The test is much broader. It is addressed to the trade unions, the churches, press, veterans groups, civic organizations—to the entire nation. It is addressed with peculiar directness to American Protestantism. The twenty-six Negro ministers who are identified with this movement have given their brethren an example of Christian social leadership that is truly inspiring. "If we are arrested every day," the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr.—the name has a fine echo—told his fellow walkers, "if we are exploited every day, let nobody pull you so low as to hate them. We must use the weapon of love. We must have compassion and understanding for those who hate us. So many people have been taught to hate, taught from the cradle. They are not totally responsible." With prayers and chants, with good-will and self-confidence, the Negroes of Montgomery are determined to "walk with God" and shun the city's buses. Let it be noted, too, that at least one white Protestant minister in Montgomery is supporting them—symbol of the large and growing section of the "white" South that in one form or another supports this and similar protest movements.

AS WITNESSES to this magnificent demonstration, we cannot stand around, in John Jay Chapman's phrase, "like blighted things, like ghosts about Acheron, waiting for someone or something to determine" our destiny for us. If this dramatic demonstration of the potency of the American dream does not strike a response in the nation's conscience, then that dream has been corrupted. But what is happening in Montgomery is the most convincing proof that such is not the case. For here, in the heart of the "black belt" of the South, new hope and confidence and, above all, a new democratic leadership has emerged. An entire community has experienced a rebirth of freedom. The men and women who compose it now stand erect. Unafraid, in high spirits, without malice, they are walking with chants and prayers toward freedom's future in response to the American promise.

The Shape of Things

At Miami

The first executive council meeting of the AFL-CIO gave evidence—if any were needed—that disunity can exist in a merged labor movement. On the eve of the Miami sessions, a section of the Packard plant was being converted from auto to jet aircraft engine production. Auto workers claimed the jobs associated with maintenance; the building-trades group, formerly AFL, claimed those relating to construction. The claims conflicted in the actual allocation of jobs, and the building trades put a picket line around the plant. Walter Reuther, for the Auto Workers, agreed to arbitrate the issue but refused to respect the picket lines. At Miami it was clear that James Hoffa, the ambitious Teamsters official, was supporting the building trades, foreshadowing a major struggle for power between himself and Reuther. After a few uneasy days, President George Meany intervened and an interim solution was agreed upon. But the flareup was significant, for it indicates that some of the craft unions are marshalling their forces behind Hoffa and Dave Beck in the struggle for power now in process.

At Miami, too, Beck reiterated his view that the merger had been too hasty. With Maurice Hutcheson of the Carpenters, he declined to participate in the discussion of political action. The AFL-CIO, Mr. Beck observed, was not a political organization and ought not to be directly involved in national campaigns. He also announced that the Teamsters would not tolerate the interference of the Ethical Practices Committee in their affairs. The committee is not likely to function very effectively if the Teamsters continue to deny its jurisdiction. These rumblings do not, of course, mean that the AFL-CIO is faced with new divisions, but the struggle for power exhibited at Miami could be troublesome if it is permitted to continue. Before much time is lost the new labor movement must generate a sufficiently strong sense of unity to prevent the surviving loyalties and rivalries from the old regimes from finding expression in new combinations and factions.

Right at the Wrong Time

Pierre Herve, ex-propaganda chief of the French Communist Party, was "read out" of the party, according to the New York *Times*, only a few days before Moscow announced its new and "softer" line. What kind of spot this puts French party stalwarts in is anyone's guess. An article by Guy Besse, published in *L'Humanite*, official Communist daily, stated:

> With the excuse of defending the revolution against fetishes, Herve takes pot shots at the party. A fine way to encourage the honest worker to join the party of the working class at the very moment when all Communists are in duty bound to close ranks! A fine way to work for the coming the Popular Front, to attack the party that is its soul, accusing it of calumnies which the bourgeois reactionaries have always used to block the unity of the workers!

These columns have given the outline of Herve's four-square offensive against what he considers excessive rigidity among the intellectuals who toe the party line (*The Nation*, February 11). But now that Moscow has attacked rigidity, what will happen to Herve, who still claims he is a Marxist? Can the Communists afford in this doctrinaire way to jettison one of its ablest men? As Alexander Werth says elsewhere in this issue, here is the classic example of a man who was right at the wrong time.

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NEW SOVIET BLUEPRINT

The Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party was the first since the death of Stalin. Herewith two veteran journalists with long experience in Soviet affairs analyze the results. Paul Wohl, Soviet news analyst for the Christian Science Monitor, *is the author of several books on the Soviet Union; Alexander Werth,* The Nation's *Paris correspondent, spent many years in Moscow and has also written several books on Russia. In a forthcoming issue,* The Nation *will deal with the effects of the decisions reached in Moscow on Communist parties outside the Soviet Union.*

I. The "Practical Generation" . . *by Paul Wohl*

"THERE is a feeling of good spirits in the country today," said Mr. Malenkov at the Twentieth Congress of his party. This may well have been the keynote which the party Presidium had in mind. Later historians are more likely to characterize this Congress as the one at which for the first time the new Communist business spirit came to the fore, the spirit of firm believer in the superiority of the state Socialist principle whose approach to all problems is essentially practical. Coexistence for him has become axiomatic, a matter of enlightened self-interest, because he sees communism as a law of history as fixed as the stars. He no longer feels a need for theoretical justification. A sense of tactics, albeit tactics of gambling, has prevailed over strategy; expediency over Communist heroics; the "people of builders," to use Mr. Khrushchev's words, over the people of the revolution. White shirts and business suits have replaced tunics and national costumes.

The mood certainly has changed since 1952. But basic political patterns have changed less than generally assumed. Only tactics are new and the first batch of "practical people" is close to the helm. The top personnel has changed relatively little, although Stalin himself has been downgraded. At the opening of the Congress, First Party Secretary Nikita S. Khrushchev asked the delegates to rise in memory of Josef Vissarionovich Stalin, Klement Gottwald and Kyuitsi Tokuda. Only one tenth of the delegates may have known the latter's identity. The principle of collective leadership was retroactively applied. Otherwise Stalin was criticized only to the extent that his last opus, *Economic Problems of Socialism in the U.S.S.R.,* is supposed to conflict with the new policy. Implicitly he was held responsible for all the evils of hero-worship and one-man leadership as well as for some of the many injustices of the great purge.

Khrushchev

If one or the other of Stalin's teachings has been declared inapplicable or "not correct," Lenin's teachings, too, were tampered with by Mr. Khrushchev. In the section of his report dealing with "Some Fundamental Questions of Present-Day International Development," he said of "Lenin's precept that wars are inevitable as long as imperialism exists" that "it was correct at the time it was evolved" but that "at present the situation has changed radically."

FOR THE time being Stalin's name remains engraved in golden letters of the same size as those used for Lenin on the front of the mausoleum on the Red Square. In a speech immediately following Khrushchev's report, Marshal Chu Teh of China read Mao's greetings to the congress in which he referred to "the invincibility of the Communist Party founded by Lenin and fostered by Stalin and his close comrades-in-arms." Marshal Chu Teh and his impressive delegation arrived in Moscow on February 5. Moscow has long-distance telephone connections with Peking. It is most likely that Mao would have omitted the reference to Stalin had Mr. Khrushchev advised him to do so.

Sooner or later the spell which had attached itself to Stalin's name during his last ten years was bound to be broken. There is no room for a myth of infallibility in the new era of business-minded communism. Just as there is no room on Moscow's motorized Red Square for pilgrimages to the famous mausoleum which, according to a decision of the Central Committee of March, 1953, is to be replaced by a larger memorial on the outskirts of the city.

The real question is not why Stalin was downgraded but what the Soviets wanted to achieve with their congress, which met at least seven months earlier than required by statute. To get a clue we must hark back to last July, when the plenum of the party's Central Committee set the date for the Twentieth Congress. The Kremlin at that time was faced with four new developments: (1) the rapproachement with Yugoslavia and its implications in the East European countries; (2) Nehru's visit of June and the prospect of closer relations with the peoples of South Asia; (3) the forthcoming Geneva conference "at the summit"; (4) a severe drought in the newly opened grain lands of Asia and other disappointments on the "agricultural front." There was the additional problem of the synchronization of

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the U. S. S. R.'s new Five Year Plan with the Five Year Plans of Moscow's European allies. By holding the congress early this year, the Kremlin was able to put the authority of the Communist Party behind the new Five Year Plan, which is also the master plan for the European satellites (the plans of the Asian people's democracies—Outer Mongolia, North Korea and North Vietnam—are synchronized with the Chinese Five Year Plan). At the same time the sessions would serve tactical purposes.

It offered an opportunity to draw Tito into the Soviet orbit and to improve his relations with satellite countries. At the very start of his speech Mr. Khrushchev listed Yugoslavia after China among the people's democracies. Many of his ideas and formulas so closely approached those of Belgrade that Marshal Tito decided to address the Congress as "Dear Comrades" and referred to the U. S. S. R. as Socialist.

The Congress allowed the heads of the Russian state to castigate "imperialist policies" in Asia and to contrast them with the official aims of the U. S. S. R. without violating diplomatic proprieties. At the same time Khrushchev flattered the Asian peoples by conveying to them a sense of destiny. "The new period in world history which Lenin predicted has arrived," he said, "and the peoples of the East are playing an active part in deciding the destinies of the world."

IT WAS clear in July that as a result of the Geneva Conference a new situation would emerge in Western Europe and in America. Soon after, Geneva statements by Thorez and Togliatti made it clear that the new Communist line would be another try at Popular Fronts in a manner similar to former Comintern head George Dimitrov's definition of May 1, 1936. Then Dimitrov denied "that war is inevitable and that maintenance of peace is impossible. . . . [All those who] say, so long as capitalism exists, it is impossible to avoid war, and . . . hopeless and useless to fight for the maintenance of peace . . . are out-and-out doctrinaires, if not ordinary imposters." Only this time it was to be a Popular Front not against fascism but "for the defense of peace" or, to put it more bluntly, to ward off any attempt of preventive-war groups to interfere with Communist plans in Europe and Asia. Only a full-fledged Congress could give such a political realignment the necessary authority and make communism, or at least Soviet-communism, more palatable to Americans.

The domestic issue which awaited the Congress was equally important. At Mr. Khrushchev's bidding successive plenums of the Central Committee adopted bold agricultural reform plans and made sweeping short-term promises of more grain, more potatoes, more vegetables, more meat, dairy products, wool and cotton. Seldom have plans failed as lamentably. On January 30 the report of the Central Statistical Board of the Council of Ministers had to admit that the Soviet Union last year produced fewer potatoes, less vegetables and less cotton than in 1954. On February 10, with most of the Congress delegates already in Moscow, *Pravda* published a decree admitting a severe shortage of milk and dairy products and much higher prices in free markets. Stringent measures were rather nervously promised for the near future.

In July, when the Congress was called, the leaders must already have known how badly things were going in the countryside. Mr. Khrushchev's report to the Congress admitted repeatedly that his policies had been criticized. There are many such passages as "Some comrades may contest" or the oratorical question: "Was this a mistake?" His answer, of course, was invariably: "No, it was no mistake." Without the Congress, Mr. Khrushchev might have found it much harder to offer another rain-check instead of achievements.

The Congress also was to serve, and actually did serve, to prepare the party members and the people at large for the efforts and sacrifices which the new Five Year Plan entailed. This was largely Premier Bulganin's part of the show. Mr. Khrushchev's general report dealt mainly with agriculture and overall economic policies. However hazy and contradictory his exposition of agricultural achievements and prospects, he and the speakers who followed him on the rostrum, offered several new departures and promises:

(1) An era of legality with guarantees of personal security; rehabilitation of purge victims, even posthumous rehabilitations, not only of Soviet Communists but also of Communists leaders in Poland and Hungary.

(2) More material incentives and affluency for the individual worker and collective-farm peasant, material incentives for engineers, factory managers and even party officials, making for the rise of the most efficient and ambitious—the big and small Andrew Carnegies of communism.

(3) Higher wages for the lowest paid unskilled workers, higher pensions for the majority of pensioners, abolition of tuition fees and the promise to set up high-level boarding schools for talented children all over the country.

(4) A seven-hour day or a forty-hour week.

(5) New incentives for women, who are promised better canteens, restaurants and catering services, more kindergartens and household machines so that more of them can go to work in factories and shops. Politically, too, women are to be offered better opportunities.

(6) A strictly multinational policy, aimed at giving more leeway to the national republics, guided by a new Economic Commission of the Soviet of Nationalities, one of the houses of the Soviet Parliament. The history of the Asian republics especially will be rewritten and Czarist generals deprived of their ephemeral glory as bringers of Russian culture.

MANY of these new departures directly or indirectly reflected on Stalin. Yet Stalin must loom big in the thinking of his successors, if so few—and in most cases only veiled—reference was made to him in connection with these innovations.

It was different with regard to international issues. Stalin had to be downgraded in the interest of reconciliation with Yugoslavia. The full portent of the Kremlin's new course of building socialism along national lines in the people's democracies, and the significance of the rehabilitation of Bela Kun and hundreds of leading Hungarian and Polish Communists, could be brought home only at his expense. Stalin had to be revised and partly discarded for the benefit of West European and Asian Socialists. The Kremlin's public-relations specialists may even have anticipated that a critique of Stalin

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would inevitably be blown up by the American press as a spectacular event which, in turn, might lead American liberals and business *real-politikers* to accept the Kremlin's new line as evidence of a definite abandonment of communism's more unpalatable practices.

Like most Communist policies, the new course was cleverly thought out. It sounds plausible because the new leaders probably are in earnest about most of what they offer. They need collective leadership of government by compromise because no one has the scope to take over where Stalin left off and because the alternative might well be the end of the party as the "ruling party," with dire consequences for the upper brackets of the hierarchy. But fear is not the only cement which holds the present combination together. Mr. Khrushchev appeared to be deeply sincere when he assured the delegates that dedication to communism gave dignity and meaning to their lives.

The new leaders are optimistic because they once again anticipate a capitalist crisis and see the masses of Asia and Africa flocking to their side. They are convinced that without war they can build up so immense an industrial power in the fastnesses of Siberia that ten or fifteen years hence they will be invincible. They expect to be strong enough politically to allow the East European countries so much leeway that their regimes will begin to resemble more and more that of Tito's Yugoslavia, except that they must remain economically integrated with the Soviet bloc.

THE NEW Soviet leaders hope to soften and eventually to permeate a crisis-ridden capitalist world by means of new alignments with various social and political groups, through business overtures, tactical concessions and more genuine fair-play than they have granted their associates in the past. But on principle they stand firm. "Some people," said Mr. Khrushchev in one of his many replies to unnamed critics inside the party, "are trying to apply the . . . thesis of the possibility of peaceful coexistence of countries with different social and political systems to the ideological sphere. This is a harmful mistake."

It all sounds convinced and convincing. Yet at bottom of it all is a bold gamble. So far none of Mr. Khrushchev's economic nostrums has worked. The sacrifices needed to carry out the new Five Year Plan and the corresponding plans of the satellites may be greater than the people are willing and able to bear. Despite the insistence on solidarity and collective leadership, there is evidence of deep differences inside the ruling Presidium which may not always lend themselves to a practical compromise. Mr. Khrushchev's report showed many signs of his country's economic confusion and internal strain which contrast grimly with his sweeping perspectives. Industrial progress is likely to continue in the Soviet Union, eventually even agriculture will be re-adapted to new conditions. But it may not at all be achieved Mr. Khrushchev's way. Then the experiment may be taken up by another generation of Soviet leaders, less tied to the past, with real business experience and higher standards of truthfulness and compassion. Much that has been said at the Twentieth Party Congress indicates that a new generation is on the way.

II. Unsmiling Coexistence . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

THERE is no doubt that both the Soviet Union and the West awaited the opening of the Communist Party Congress in Moscow with interest and impatience. To Soviet newspaper readers it was represented in advance as an event of the greatest magnitude in the history of the Soviet Union; while the West hoped for some spectacular declaration of policy that would provide new hope and encouragement for the years before us.

For the present, however, there seems little to get excited about. The most that can be said is that in Western Europe the extracts so far published in the press have created a feeling of uneasiness and *malaise*. No doubt, Khrushchev often used the word "coexistence," but no longer with the smiling cordiality with which he used it a year or two ago. The Manchester *Guardian*, for instance, is furious at the "obituary notice of capitalism" contained in Khrushchev's speech; at his remarks about England and France being sick and tired of the Atlantic Pact, and at his warning that the Soviet Union having already done all it could to improve relations with the West, it was now for the West to make the next step. The *Guardian* hopes that the Khrushchev speech isn't a rehearsal of the one he intends to make when he comes to England.

ONE OF the great mysteries of Soviet policy—and nothing in the Khrushchev speech clears it up—is the Soviet Union's attitude toward Britain. The Burgess-MacLean operation only a few days before, the truculent references to England in the Soviet statement on the Middle East, the various points in Khrushchev's speech which infuriated the Manchester *Guardian*, suggest that insofar as the Soviet leadership is interested in "coexistence" at all, it is first and foremost interested in coexistence with the United States. At the present juncture, the Kremlin appears to care very little what its relations are with England, and whether, indeed, there is going to be a Khrushchev-Bulganin visit to England or not.

Significant was the insistence with which Khrushchev urged the United States to subscribe to the "five principles" of Bandung: (1) Economic cooperation; (2) Cultural cooperation; (3) Recognition of human rights and the right to national self-determination; (4) Right to independence of nations that are still dependent; (5) The quest for peace and international cooperation. It was as if Khrushchev thought that by harping on anti-colonialism, he could meet with some response in the United States to the embarrassment of Britain and France.

Apart from the Bandung principles, Khrushchev also enunciated five basic principles of Soviet foreign policy: (1) Strict observance of the Leninist principle of peaceful coexistence; (2) Consolidation of friendship with the people's democracies;

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(3) Consolidation of friendly relations with nations that have refused to join aggressive blocs, notably India, Burma and Afghanistan; (4) Improved relations with the United States, United Kingdom and France in the economic and cultural fields; (5) The need to exercise great vigilance toward the enemies of peaceful coexistence.

The desire to drive wedges between the United States and its Western partners is obvious throughout Khrushchev's speech—be it in his criticism of the Atlantic Pact, his anti-colonialism (primarily directed at France and Britain), or in his emphatic announcement that the Paris agreements on German rearmament, perpetuating the division of Germany, must disappear.

The speech, insofar as we can judge from the highlights that have reached Western Europe so far, is, in the words of the Paris *Monde*, "orthodox" and "optimistic." Is it all that optimistic? It will probably be easier to judge when the full text of some of the economic surveys to be made at the Congress become available. Granted that industrial progress in the Soviet Union is faster and more spectacular than in any other country; granted that, at the present rate of increase, Soviet industrial production should equal United States industrial production in 1970 or 1975, it is still not certain whether Khrushchev has succeeded in breaking the country's agricultural bottleneck. This has been the main obstacle to the development of true prosperity in the Soviet Union in the last ten years, including the last few years during which Khrushchev himself was giving something like top priority to "the knottiest of all our problems: agriculture and stock-breeding."

APART from that, the speech shows that there has been immense improvement recently in Soviet technical processes; Khrushchev's forecast of the seven-hour working day and of a five-day week is a clear sign of this progress. But, as already said, we must wait for the detailed economic reports before passing final judgment on the extent to which Russia is succeeding economically not merely as a great industrial power but also as the leader of the Soviet bloc. For although Khrushchev had much to say about the great auxiliary role played in the industrial might of the bloc by countries like Poland, Czechoslovakia and Eastern Germany, it still remains to be seen to what extent the immense mass of 600,000,000 Chinese is an asset—and to what extent a liability. A remarkable series of articles on China by Robert Guillain in the *Monde*, though written in an admittedly critical, not to say hostile, vein nevertheless indicates quite objectively the immense complications and obstacles confronting China in its drive to become a great industrial power.

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Good place to establish a blockade

AS FOR Khurshchev's "orthodoxy," here perhaps is the feature of the speech that will cause the greatest amount of discussion in Western Europe. He does not, as Stalin did in 1952, forecast any wars inside the "imperialistic camp" between the United States and its Allies (perhaps Stalin said this merely to reassure a Soviet public opinion which was very nervous at the time); but he certainly places a good deal of reliance on the cut-throat economic rivalry among the capitalist countries; and the impression one gains is that he was rather rubbing his hands at the growing competition from Germany and Japan that England is beginning to suffer.

The single point in his speech that has aroused the greatest attention here is his remark to the effect that while world socialism remains one of the final objectives of Soviet policy, revolutions nowadays need not necessarily take the form of uprisings or civil wars. In this respect Khrushchev almost confirms what was said by Pierre Herve, the French intellectual who has just been expelled from the Communist Party for having written a book, *La Revolution et les fetiches*, in which he also rejected revolutions of the "classical" type. What Khrushchev suggested was that a Socialist revolution could take place in certain countries by normal "parliamentary means"—a method which was foreshadowed by the French Communist leader, Maurice Thorez, as long ago as 1945. But whether, like Herve, Khrushchev also believes that the French (and Italian) Communist Parties must first pass through a stage of "reformism"—i.e. of close cooperation with Socialists and other left-wing parties—is not quite clear. What he rather suggests is that the successes of communism in the Soviet Union will be so great, and the chaos in the capitalist countries so demoralizing, that in the end the Communists of countries like France and Italy will win over the majority of the people. Whatever interpretation is given to Khrushchev's forecast of revolution in these countries, it is not likely to encourage any Popular Front movement among the potential partners of the Communists—unless, in the case of France, there is an immense offensive from the extreme Right, such as the Poujadists, or a large-scale colonial war in Algeria, either of which could produce revolt.

AS FOR THE capitalist countries where, Khrushchev suggested, capitalism was still very strong thanks to the army and the police at its command, revolution could wait presumably until after the collapse of the weaker members of the capitalist world. And in this context, too, the United States was treated as the state with which it was more important than any other for Russia to come to terms. England, on the other hand, seemed to show "promising" signs of economic weakness and distintegration.

It was a blustering speech in many respects. There seems little doubt that, insofar as there may be several policies inside the "collective leadership" of the Soviet Union today, it is Khrushchev's point of view which has so far prevailed. And what clearly emerges from his speech is that Russia, while praising the principle of coexistence, is at the same time miss-

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ing no opportunity to cash in on the difficulties through which the capitalist world is now passing. A year ago the capitalist order in Western Europe (even apart from the United States) seemed well established. Today England is suffering from growing economic difficulties; France is threatened with fascism and colonial wars; and as for Germany, there is a lot of fishing to be done in its troubled waters. Khrushchev has probably rightly guessed that 1956 threatens to be a very uneasy year—at any rate in Western Europe.

SHADOW OF CYPRUS

The Greek Elections . . *by Emmanuel Marcoglou*

DESPITE THE two billion dollars the United States has spent in Greece since the promulgation of the Truman Doctrine in 1947, communism today is stronger in that small country than it was nine years ago. The nation's mood is angry, leftist, neutralistic; the Greek people are turning increasingly from support of the Balkan Pact and NATO toward the idea of a neutral Belgrade-Athens-Cairo axis.

This is the lesson of last week's Greek elections in which the party of Premier Karamanlis won a slim parliamentary majority only by virtue of a "stacked" electoral law. The Leftist Democratic Union, in opposition, won an actual popular majority of at least 200,000 of the some three million votes cast.

What has turned Greece, once considered America's most dependable ally in Europe, into the Achilles heel of NATO? I believe there are three reasons: Cyprus, the Turkish anti-Greek riots of last September and the interference of the American Embassy in Athens in the country's domestic affairs.

Greek public opinion was affronted from the first at what it considered the State Department's equivocal attitude on the Cyprus question—an attitude which it saw as compromising America's moral position on colonialism. When the U. N. shelved the problem, American diplomacy was held responsible; it was considered that the Americans had come to the support of the British in exchange for British support on American China policy. The increasingly rigorous treatment meted out to Cypriotes by the British has never, Greeks have noted, aroused protest from Washington. The British jamming of Radio Athens did not improve the situation.

The September riots against Greeks in Constantinople and Smyrna resulted in the desecration of Greek cemeteries, the destruction of sixty Greek churches and the looting of at least 5,000 shops—Greek, American and Jewish. British correspondent Noel Barker, an eye-witness, reported:

> At the church of Yenikov, a lovely spot on the edge of the Bosphorous, a priest of seventy-five was stripped of every stitch of clothing, tied behind a car and dragged through the streets.
>
> At the church of Yenimahalle one priest was stripped and driven nude tied to the top of a lorry. They tried to tear the hair from another priest, but failing that they cut off his hair, as they did to many others. . . . In a swift attempt to appease an outraged world, the Turks have laid the blame squarely on the Communists. . . . There is not an atom of truth in this.

Turkey dragged its feet on paying promised damages and the British Foreign Office remained silent. The Greeks hoped that Washington, at least, would give them moral support. Ten days later Secretary Dulles sent identical notes to both Greece and Turkey. This equal treatment to the aggressors and to the victims brought an immediate protest from the Greek Ambassador in Washington, Mr. George Melas: "[The note] does not give the slightest touch of moral comfort to the Greeks who suffered this unimaginable attack at the hands of so-called friends and allies. It is sad that this is the outcome of ten day's thinking at the State Department."

The third reason for the loss of American popularity in Greece dates back to 1952. In that year the late John E. Peurifoy, then American Ambassador in Athens, used the prestige of his office to get the Greek Chamber of Deputies to adopt a complicated electoral system which put to shame all previous "gerrymanderings." The law was passed and as a result the Greek Rally of Field Marshall Papagos managed to win 238 seats in the 300-member Greek Parliament, although it had won only 49 per cent of the popular vote.

Shortly before his death last fall, Premier Papagos designated his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Stefanopoulos, as his successor. But King Paul chose Mr. Karamanlis, the obscure Minister of Public Works in the Papagos Cabinet. Although the King's action was not unconstitutional, it was obviously not according to tradition. It was commonly believed in Athens, moreover, that Mr. Karamanlis had been appointed because the American Embassy felt that he was the only man in Greek political life who could be trusted not to take aggressive action on the Cyprus issue.

The King turned down the demands of the opposition for the formation of a "caretaker cabinet" and decided that Mr. Karamanlis should conduct the new elections on February 19 under the same electoral system which had proved so helpful to the Greek reactionaries in 1952. In the ballot, Mr. Karamanlis' National Radical Union faced the Democratic Union, a coalition of moderate conservatives, the democratic Center and the non-Communist and

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Communist Left. The highly unethical electoral system left no choice to Karamanlis' non-Communist opponents other than to make common cause with the extreme Left. Mr. Karamanlis, it should be noted, also took unto himself some doubtful bedfellows. One of his ministers, for instance, was the son of the pro-Nazi Premier John Rallis.

Mr. Karamanlis' party managed to get approximately 160 out of the 300 seats in the chamber in spite of the fact that the majority of the people voted against him. The opposition vote was amazing when one takes into consideration that traditionally liberal Northern Greece was blanketed on election day by snow storms which had killed about twenty persons; the Southern Greeks, traditionally conservative, had no such handicap. The results were even more amazing considering that the 140,000 soldiers of Greece's army went to the polls in the knowledge that their officers were overwhelmingly pro-Karamanlis. Most of the newspapers were also behind the Premier; and American Embassy officials made no secret of their preference.

Life said editorially: "When Greeks hear U. S. foreign policy described as 'moral,' they want to throw up." Meanwhile the Soviet Embassy did not remain inactive. Ambassador Mikhail G. Sergeyev spent the weeks before the election touring Northern Greece in an effort to convince workers that Soviet Russia was willing to purchase Greek's tobacco surplus, created when the German market was lost to Virginia tobacco. Greece's Soviet-bloc neighbors to the north did their best to be friendly. Albania, Rumania and Bulgaria proposed restoration of diplomatic relations and Bulgaria offered to settle the Greek claim of $45,000,000 in war reparations. This subtle propaganda courtship, plus the extremely capable exploitation of the emotional situation created by British colonialism and American interference have brought results—not, to be sure, all that the Greek Communist Party had hoped for, but enough to encourage them in their long-range plans.

SHAKE TO SIZE

Slimming by Slenderella . . *by Walter Goodman*

SOME 35,000,000 Americans weigh too much. For a variety of social and anatomical reasons, most are women. The majority of them, out of consideration for their health, their husbands or their illusions, would rather not weigh too much. Gorging themselves on ads for high fashion while simultaneously nibbling cream puffs, the large ladies constitute a ready-made market for any merchant who can fit them into a ready-made dress—particularly for the fellow who pledges to accomplish this without straining the ladies' endurance, physical or psychic.

Such was the world confronting an enterprising young man named Larry Mack on his discharge from the navy (where he had served as a paymaster) after the war. Mack emerged from the service "determined to find a simple method to enable women to do something about their figures." The mimeographed sheet put out by David O. Alber Associates, Inc., who presently handle the former paymaster's public relations, does not reveal the cataclysmic event which gave the young fellow his mission in life. Nevertheless, it was Mack's destiny to present civilization with the miracle of Slenderella International.

NOW, there were already a substantial number of business men in America who shared Mack's ambitions. They were making pills which performed the "Before and After" wonders celebrated in 5-and-10-cent-store windows throughout the land. (All are "Absolutely Harmless"; some are even tasty.) They were running health resorts and reducing studios where one could be manhandled into skinniness. (Exercise tends to make the exerciser hungrier than ever, but the punishment is thought to relieve the fat lady of some portion of guilt for taking that third bon-bon.) An innovation had reached the supermarkets in the form of calorie-less candy, calorie-less cherry soda, calorie-less sweeteners and a wide range of dietetic goodies—all of which permitted a woman to eat her cake without having it.

But our Mr. Mack was not satisfied with this formidable array of weapons directed at the tummies of the nation, and in 1946 he and three friends invested $1,250 apiece in a string of Midwestern reducing salons. The investment proved a happy one, and Mack himself moved to Toledo to take personal charge of the prospering chain. At about this time, fate drew him to Miss Eloise English, who had just been discharged from the WAVES. The mimeographed sheet on Miss English—now Slenderella's vice president in charge of operations—gives the genesis of her mission clearly, if less than grammatically: "Surrounded by trim, well-groomed men during her service duty in the navy, Miss English compared the ease with which men maintained their figures and the difficulty women had in doing the same."

Eloise was a graduate of Ohio State University, and it was to her alma mater that Mack went—"after months of consultation with leading authorities in the fields of medicine, nutrition and physical education"—and paid a professor of engineering at the university to build a table for him, hereafter to be referred to as The Table. He subsequently bought The Diet from a diet-maker and The Mint from a drug firm.

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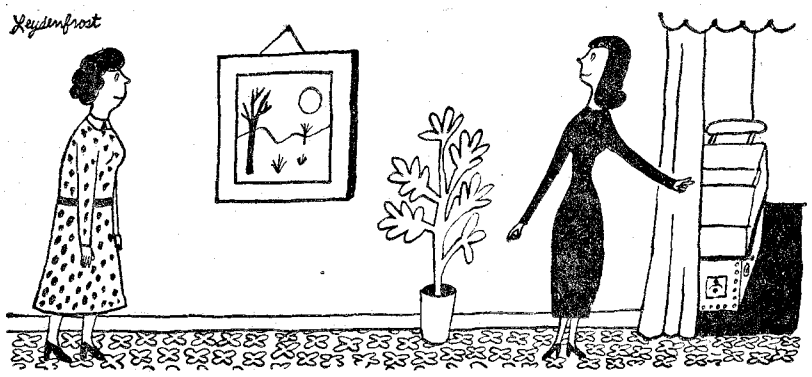


Thus equipped, in 1950 he and his three backers put up $10,000 each and started five New York City salons called "Silhouette." Before the year was over, five more had been founded in the Midwest. Mack bought out his friends for $100,000 in 1952 and, finding he could not use the name Silhouette nationally, switched to Slenderella—a title attributed to slender (size twelve) Miss English. In the past three years the firm's rise has been phenomenal. There are now ninety more Slenderella salons extant in thirty-five U. S. and European cities; Mack and Co. grossed $12,000,000 last year and anticipate a healthier take in 1956.

How did it happen? Well, Slenderella, as morning disc jockeys around the country have been telling their audiences since 1953, is a "figure-proportioning" chain which ". . . sells dress sizes, not treatments . . . achieves its results without steam baths, hand massage, dull exhausting exercise, starvation diets . . . is relaxing, satisfying, makes you tingle and glow and leaves you with a sense of well being." (It also has the Good Housekeeping seal of approval.)

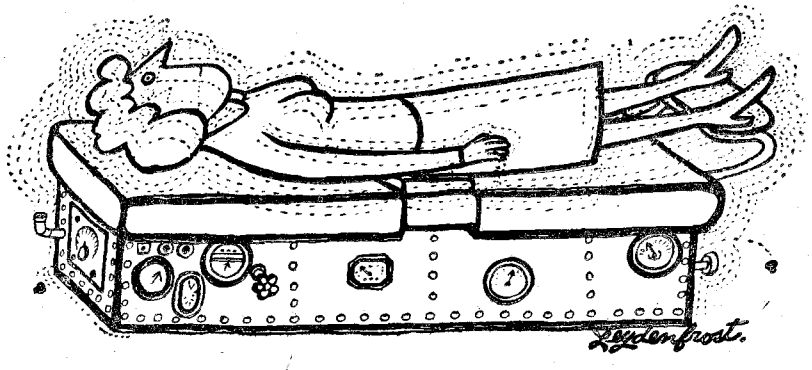
THE LADY sufficiently desirous of being tingled to pay a visit to a Slenderella salon finds herself in a carpeted anteroom furnished in a contemporary manner. Soft music (by Muzak) emanates from the pastel-colored walls. A wraith-like assistant manager escorts the lady to a cubicle for a sample stint on The Table. The customer lies down. (At first The Table was covered in a rather severe brown leather, but newer models are coming through in white foam rubber.) Her shoulders are agitated; she changes position; her hips get a working over; she shifts again; The Table goes into high gear and all of the lady gets shaken up simultaneously. Throughout the forty-five-minute operation, the patient has remained completely clothed (although she *was* obliged to loosen girdle and brassiere). In this simple and relaxing way, The Table's "scientifically designed movements improve posture, firm and tone muscles, remove strain and pressure, stimulate the circulation and help in the general slimming process." The assistant manager will likely add that it is also guaranteed to raise the rib cage, reshape the pelvic structure and provide more exercise than thirty-six holes of golf.

If the customer finds that this experience does indeed make her tingle, not to mention glow, she has the opportunity of signing up for a full course of treatments at $2 a visit three times a week. The length of the course will naturally depend on her weight, measurements, bone structure and metabolism, on all of which the assistant manager is prepared to pass judgment. (My mother-in-law, who graciously consented to endure the courtesy treatment in the interests of *The Nation*, was assured she could slip from size 16 to size 14 in only 130 Table vibrations. She returned home somewhat disheveled and fretting over the wrinkles in the skirt they wouldn't let her take off.)

After receiving her complimentary figure analysis, the lady may make a formal contract with Slenderella, in which the party of the first part pledges to follow The Diet religiously, take The Mint before meals and pay for the entire series even if she should falter mid-way. The party of the second part agrees to continue the treatments without cost after the allotted period has passed until the desired dress size is achieved. (There exists a certain suspicion around the Slenderella offices, it must be noted, that if the two inches haven't fallen away after a year, the lady probably hasn't been sticking to her diet with sufficient fervor. In any case, it's an improbable woman who, after having been shaken up 130 times to no avail, will insist on her rights to continue the treatments three times a week into eternity.)

Slenderella claims that some three million women have managed to fit into smaller dresses by keeping faith with the contract. The firm's records for 1954 report the disappearance in Slenderella salons that year of 36,000,000 inches and 4,500,000 pounds of subcutaneous fat. Franchise deals are imminent and soon better shops everywhere will be featuring Slenderella undies and Slenderella low-protein bread.

In order to continue this good work in 1956, Mr. Mack will spend three million dollars on advertising. In addition to the morning disc jockeys and the women's magazines, a series of strategically placed one-minute TV spots will be carrying the Slenderella message to America. There will be fashion shows as well, and the two Russian princesses in the Slenderella employ will put in personal appearances here and there. By voice and print, sheath-like fashions, women without waistlines and The Table will be duly celebrated. But The Diet, which bears a striking resemblance to the common insurance-company variety of diet, and The Mint, which contains very much



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the same assortment of vitamins and minerals obtainable in large bottles at discount prices almost everywhere —these will be played down. This is because Mack does not sell dress sizes, as he claims; he trades rather in technical wonders amid elegant surroundings. The ante-rooms are *Harper's Bazaar* and the cubicles are *Popular Science* ("Fabulous Slenderella International, designed at a leading University out of advance modern knowledge of the body and how it works"). The memorized jargon of those wasp-waisted well-painted receptionists—with whom it is so flattering for the chubby lady to identify—is cold, technical, impersonal. Despite Muzak and the promise of a soporific atmosphere ("It's like a caress"), the Slenderella salon and the phrase-repeating young women who run them bristle with energy. Switch on The Table and the energy becomes palpable.

Certainly the women who seek out Slenderella want smaller waistlines. But they have a million nameless and evanescent desires vaguely related to a size 12 dress. They want all the excitement they sense in the lithe figures flying out from the Slenderella ads and, hopefully, manufactured under laboratory conditions in the Slenderella salons with the vibrating tables.

People have been going on diets for a long time now, to be sure, and losing weight and inches too in the process. Some even have been known to diet themselves into smaller dresses without the advantage of a hundred hours on a palpitating machine. But, for the ladies—and thus for Mr. Mack, who might just as easily have prospered as a used-car dealer, so universally applicable are his talents—such dull doings are irrelevant. Nobody's going to make $12,000,000 a year by plugging *that* kind of thing.

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT

The Melish Affair . . *by David L. Weissman*

THE DRAMATIC events of recent weeks involving Reverend William Howard Melish and the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity of Brooklyn are only another phase in the age-old struggle for democracy and freedom of conscience. Reviewing earlier aspects of the case in his *Church and State in the United States,* Reverend Anson Phelps Stokes writes that it appears to "an outsider reading both sides of the controversy that in principle the stand of the Melishes is the one most in keeping with the general American tradition of freedom."

The affair involves two Melishes, father and son. The elder Melish, whose grandfather had been a friend and correspondent of Jefferson, became rector of Holy Trinity in 1904. Imbued with a strong sense of social mission and opposed to the hierarchical and aristocratic elements in the Episcopal church, the elder Melish in the early years experienced a series of trials with his then predominantly wealthy and conservative congregation. In the course of the years the neighborhood changed and by 1948 the church membership had become overwhelmingly democratic and inclusive. The Melishes had succeeded in making theirs what is known as an integrated church—a church, that is, of different social stratifications, where the worshippers included Negroes, Puerto Ricans and working-class people. The vestry, or board of trustees, remained, however, in the hands of the conservative, wealthier elements.

In 1939 the vestry engaged the younger Melish as assistant minister to his father. Under the canons, or by-laws, of the church he could thereafter be removed only by the rector so long as there was one. The younger Melish, who had refused a call to Washington Cathedral as canon almoner to come to Brooklyn to assist and ultimately succeed his father, shares his parent's strong sense of social mission. He has several times testified under oath that he never was a Communist. He has, however, engaged in a variety of what has derogatorily come to be called left-wing activities. With the outbreak of the cold war he became a target of attack. In 1948 the vestry of Holy Trinity called upon his father, the rector, to dismiss him. The father refused, not, as he put it, because the younger man was his son, but because in his view the issue at stake was the freedom to bear "genuine Christian witness." Nine of the eleven vestrymen thereupon petitioned the Right Reverend James P. DeWolfe, bishop of the diocese of Long Island, to remove the elder Melish as rector, one of the remaining two abstaining and the other opposing. The opposing vestryman told the others, "I am voting against this resolution not because I agree with the ministers but because I still believe the principle of liberty is of such importance that it must be upheld. . . . You gentlemen have no conception of the storm of protest that you will bring down upon your heads." The bishop *nevertheless removed him.*

The dissenting vestryman spoke prophetically. When the news of the vestry's action reached the members of the parish 70 per cent of them signed a statement expressing complete opposition to it and their affection for the rector and approval of his policies. A Committee to Retain the Rector was organized. At a special parish meeting, 90 per cent voted for the removal of the nine vestrymen who had approved the petition. When another special meeting was called to fill the vacancies, the nine vestrymen went into court to enjoin it and to be reinstated as vestrymen. These two special meetings were ultimately adjudged to have been illegally called. However,

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while the trial was proceeding, the regular annual parish meeting, at which five vestrymen were to be elected, was held. By a 75 per cent vote, a slate pledged to work for the retention of the ministers and the maintenance of parish policies was chosen. This reduced the previous majority against the Melishes to a minority. At the next annual meeting, in 1950, the minority dissolved completely. The four remaining anti-Melish vestrymen were replaced by pro-Melish vestrymen, one of them unprecedentedly, a Negro. In the meantime, the legal action was winding its way up to the Supreme Court, where 2,576 Protestant clergymen of all denominations appeared in a brief as friends of the court in behalf of the Melishes.

Though the congregation and the Melishes lost the court case, they won "The Holy Trinity struggle for freedom," as John Haynes Holmes described it. The courts had sustained the bishop's power to remove the elder Melish. The new vestry engaged the son as minister "until a new rector shall have been elected and installed." In addition, on March 19, 1951, they passed a resolution pledging that, inasmuch as the old vestry had been repudiated for failing to consult and reflect the wishes of the parish, they would make certain that any future action would have the full support and approval of the congregation.

NO NEW rector was chosen and the younger Melish continued to act as minister. Peace and harmony seemed to prevail. When the younger Melish in 1953 published his *Strength for Struggle, Christian Social Witness in the Crucible of Our Time,* the vestry hailed it in a prescript. "This book," they wrote, "is the record of the kind and quality of preaching that have marked the worship and thinking of the congregation of Holy Trinity. We believe that it is important for a preacher, as a Christian minister and a thoughtful American citizen, to say what in good conscience he believes needs to be said. To deny him this freedom of utterance would be to deny something essentially Christian and most essentially American."

Then, some seven years after the first, another eruption took place. The vestry of Holy Trinity consists by its charter of two wardens and nine vestrymen. The two present wardens, though not then members of the vestry, were leading spirits in the Committee to Retain the Rector at the time of the first eruption. But they now joined four of the vestrymen in secretly selecting the Reverend Irving S. Pollard as rector and arranged to request the bishop's approval of their choice at a meeting of the vestry to be called by them. The notice for this meeting was the first inkling of their intentions to reach the other three vestrymen, the members of the church and the Melishes. A storm then broke out again. In his sermon on the Sunday preceding the meeting the younger Melish said:

> Holy Trinity became a symbol of the people's struggle for freedom from coercive authority in the exercise of the life of the Spirit. . . . Do men who so lightly abandon principle understand a parish such as this has tried to be? . . . . The instant the people of this parish in open meeting indicate, if they do so indicate, that they have lost faith in their minister, or express the conviction that the tradition of this parish would be better upheld, were he to go, you may have my instant resignation.

At a meeting assembled immediately after the service, unanimous opposition was expressed to the proposed action and a plea was made that a matter so intimately touching the congregation be left for democratic decision at the regular annual parish meeting to be held on April 2, 1956. The opposition and plea were communicated to the bishop and the two wardens and four vestrymen. Nevertheless, the latter proceeded with the meeting and nominated Reverend Pollard. The following day the other three vestrymen (there were two vacancies), who did not attend the meeting on the ground that it would violate their conscience to sit with men who proposed to disregard their solemn pledges to the parishioners, wrote to the bishop in behalf of themselves and the overwhelming majority of the parishioners that they considered the action a nullity for two reasons: first, they regarded it as a breach of faith that the two wardens and four vestrymen, in the face of the resolution of March 19, 1951, should have acted without consulting the wishes of the parishioners; second, they regarded it as illegal since there was

Reverend William H. Melish

no quorum at the vestry meeting at which it was taken. According to Section 42, of the Religious Corporations Law of New York, as construed in *Moore* v. *The Wardens, etc. of St. Thomas' Church,* they contended, a minimum of seven, including at least on warden, is needed for a quorum; in this instance, only six—two wardens and four vestrymen—attended the meeting. Under the canons of the Long Island diocese, though the bishop has the final and decisive say in the election and removal of a rector, only the vestry can initiate either action.) The letter concluded: "We look to you not to condone such breach of faith and not to confound our difficulty by approving an illegal act."

DISREGARDING the challenge to the move's propriety and legality, the bishop approved the selection of the Reverend Pollard, and the two wardens and four vestrymen terminated the employment of the younger Melish. Two days later they gave him notice of termination, required him to vacate the rectory premises (where the elder Melish, ill and incapacitated, also lives) within thirty days, and advised him that arrangements had been made through the bishop for the conduct of services by Reverend Robert Kollock Thomas until Dr. Pollard should be available.

Under the canons of the Long Island diocese, the bishop has no power to supply a minister to conduct services unless the parish has failed to do so for thirty days. The pro-Melish vestrymen therefore advised the bishop that, aside from all other considerations, there was no canonical basis for his proposed

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sending of Reverend Thomas to conduct services, adding: "There are peaceful means for resolving all differences. We look to you as our bishop not to take a step which will inevitably lead to disturbance in a house of worship."

On the same day Bishop DeWolfe wrote the younger Melish, admonishing him not to interfere with the conduct of services on the coming Sunday and to absent himself from Holy Trinity then and thereafter "since it is my judgment that your presence may create an unfortunate sensational incident which will cause unfavorable reflection in God's Holy Church. . . . I regret deeply that you have not long before now been in touch with your bishop." To which the younger Melish replied:

> You suggest in your letter that I should have come to you. Unaware of what was being planned, how could I have done so? Will you permit me to suggest that a bishop, knowing that so serious a step was being contemplated with all its drastic consequences for one of his clergy and the congregation of an important parish in his diocese, and wishing to be pastor pastorum and shepherd to his people, might also have taken some friendly initiative in acquainting a priest and his people of what was afoot, thereby informing them sufficiently to permit them to come to their Father in God and seek his aid and advice?

The bishop and the anti-Melish vestrymen proceeded with their program. The locks on Holy Trinity were changed to keep the Melishes out, a detective was stationed in the church over Saturday night and Reverend Thomas was instructed to conduct services on Sunday. Members of the congregation removed the new locks, and Sunday morning the younger Melish conducted the early service. Reverend Thomas appeared a little later, but very few of the parishioners took holy communion from him. While the younger Melish, the father being present in the chancel, was leading the 11 o'clock service from the altar, Reverend Thomas tried to lead it from the pulpit. The younger Melish called for Psalm 28 and Reverend Thomas for Psalm 118. The congregation overwhelmingly responded to Psalm 28. When Reverend Thomas decided to abandon the competing services and left the church, only some forty of the about 450 worshippers followed him.

On the following Wednesday, Bishop DeWolfe announced that he had laid before a diocesan committee "grave and serious charges affecting the priesthood" of the younger Melish. (The canons provide for a trial before the diocesan court with a right of appeal to the church's regional court). On Thursday the anti-Melish vestrymen went into the state court to enjoin him from conducting further services and the pro-Melish vestrymen from interfering with those of the bishop's minister. Without notice to the pro-Melish vestrymen or to him, they obtained a stay until 2 P. M. Friday, when their motion for a temporary injunction was argued. At the end of the argument they were obliged to consent that the stay be stricken out and they withdrew their motion for a temporary injunction, agreeing to permit matters to remain in status quo until the disposition of the action. The younger Melish has continued to preach unmolested. Though both sides agreed to try the case on January 31, the trial has been repeatedly postponed at the request of the anti-Melish forces.

In the meantime Reverend Pollard declined the call to the Holy Trinity pulpit. Thereupon Reverend George V. Barnes of Los Angeles, California, Bishop DeWolfe's former assistant in the Midwest, was flown into New York, nominated at a meeting at which again only the six anti-Melish wardens and vestrymen were present, and was promptly approved by the bishop. A few days later he, too, declined the post. Finally, on February 8, Reverend Herman S. Sidener, chaplain of the school attached to the bishop's cathedral, accepted. Since he, too, had been nominated at a meeting where only the two wardens and four vestrymen were present, it is questionable whether the "third man," as the New York *Times* referred to him, "will ever be installed or preach from the pulpit now occupied by the Reverend William Howard Melish."

The final effort directed at the congregation and the Melishes was the introduction by an upstate legislator, at the request of the Albany diocese acting on behalf of the Long Island diocese, of a bill to amend the quorum provisions of the New York Religious Corporations Law, tailoring them to fit the Melish situation. Aside from the fact that this would seem an acknowledgement that the vestry never had a quorum to legalize its nominations and other actions, there are six Episcopal dioceses and some 800 parishes in New York state. In May, 1948, the Long Island diocese had adopted a resolution not to seek any changes in the Religious Corporations Law without prior general agreement with the other dioceses. That was, of course, before the Melish case arose. But the resolution remains in force.

THE NEXT regular annual Holy Trinity parish meeting is scheduled for April 2. No matter what they may accomplish in the meantime through the courts, the threat of ecclesiastical punishment or legislation, it looks as if the two wardens and four vestrymen will at that meeting suffer the same fate they helped to mete out to the old vestry. For the congregation is just as strongly attached to democratic principles as before and even more determined not to allow themselves to be dictated to.

Writing of the Puritan Revolution in seventeenth-century England, Parrington, in his *Main Currents in American Thought,* warns that the whole movement is reduced to a crabbed theologians' quarrel "unless one keeps in mind the social forces that found it convenient to array themselves in Puritan garb." Much the same is true of the Melish case. For behind the quarrels about canons, quorums, laws and rules there stands out the areopagitic issue of freedom of conscience, expression and association that tests a democratic society in a period of change and tension comparable to those of that earlier revolution.

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Historian on Horseback

MACARTHUR. His Rendezvous with History. By Major General Courtney Whitney. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.75.

By Mark Gayn

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR has been one of this century's most controversial Americans. He has been extolled and vilified, and rarely has he been discussed without passion. Though he was a man of courage, the GI's and Marines called him "Dugout Doug," and sang riotous and obscene ditties about his return to the Philippines. Both here and in Europe he was likened to General Boulanger; and those who hailed President Truman's dismissal of MacArthur insisted it should have been done years earlier. In contrast, there was the image of a peerless soldier and statesman who, in the face of obstructions from fools and traitors in Washington, won the war in the Pacific, made Japan into a happy democracy, came close to crushing communism in Asia before he was thwarted and might have been President but for an unkind fate. One notable feature of this controversy is that—at least in books—the laudatory has been to the adverse as a torrent to a trickle.

General Whitney's is the latest, and certainly the most important, item in the MacArthur literature. Whitney himself is one of the abler members of the "MacArthur crowd"; for years now has been the the General's "man Friday." But more than that, there are signs that MacArthur has regarded this biography as his own last word. He has obviously given Whitney access to his famous files, for which the army historians have been yearning for so long, and if he has not written some of the passages himself, he has certainly gone over the book with extreme care. In other words, this is the portrait of a Man of Destiny as MacArthur himself would have wanted it done.

Whitney's—and, indirectly, MacArthur's—two basic premises are clear. This is not only an authorized biography; it is also a major piece of American history. (Whitney explains he has quoted MacArthur liberally "in order that those of this and future generations may accurately formulate...impressions of the titanic influence he has had and, if permitted, still might have upon the course of events in Asia.") The second assumption is that MacArthur has faced some of the toughest odds in history, fought some of the "worst [sic!] battles," scored some of the greatest victories and in the end been defeated by one of the most wicked conspiracies in American history. A Manila lawyer and stock promoter before the war, Whitney had known MacArthur in the Philippines. Yet, on meeting him again in a Brisbane office in 1943, Whitney wrote: "This, I thought, must have been what it was like in a tent in Gaul with Caesar; on the approaches to Cannae with Hannibal; on the plains before Gaugamela with Alexander the Great; on the banks of the Delaware with Washington." Napoleon appears elsewhere in the volume.

THE BOOK, thus, at Whitney's behest, must be weighed as history. In fact, it does include a detailed—and often first-hand—exposition of MacArthur's views on the cruel issues that agitated us all just a few years ago. One learns that MacArthur had planned in 1951 to "make the south bank of the Yalu impassable" and to "sow across all the major lines of enemy supply and communication a defensive field of radioactive wastes, the by-product of atomic manufacture. Then, reinforced by Chiang Kai-shek's Formosan troops . . . he would close the gigantic trap." One learns of his feeling that Korea's was "the right war at the right place at the right time," and if it were not pressed to absolute victory here, it would demonstrate America's timidity and encourage the Communists to strike elsewhere in Asia. One learns of MacArthur's conviction that he could bring Red China to its knees at the cost of no more than 40,000 American casualties. And if one is numbed occasionally by long quotations from right-wing Republican publications, there are also many fascinating cables that MacArthur exchanged with Washington.

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

I Have Spoken

On the other hand, a great deal of Whitney's material has been told earlier, and sometimes in fuller detail. His account of MacArthur's meeting with Truman on Wake Island, for instance, is no match to the magnificent story told by Anthony Leviero in the New York *Times*. His report on the Battle of Leyte Gulf has been told better by the navy. And his story of how he and MacArthur wrote a democratic constitution for Japan was reported by this reviewer in the U. S. press in 1946 and in book form in 1948.

A reader soon discovers that Whitney plays tricks with his history. He opens his book with the outbreak of the Pacific war, and with that tragic episode in which most of MacArthur's air force was wiped out on Clark Field more than eight hours after MacArthur learned of the raid on Pearl Harbor. Whitney quotes MacArthur as saying that "no outside reconnaissance" was possible in view of his basic directives. Yet, there is on the record this urgent army message to MacArthur on November 27: "Hostile action possible at any time. . . . Prior to [it] you are directed to undertake such reconnaissance . . . as you may deem necessary." MacArthur is quoted as say-

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ing that "practical limitations made it unfeasible" to send his thirty-six Flying Fortresses against the Japanese air fields on Formosa. Yet, Whitney must be aware of the message MacArthur sent to Washington the day war broke out promising just such a raid the following morning. And when Whitney insists that "postwar . . . interrogation of qualified Japanese personnel [has] borne out the wisdom" of MacArthur's failure to raid the Formosa bases, he surely is misreporting. In fact, interrogation of Japanese officials (p. 80, *The Fall of the Philippines,* Department of the Army, 1953) showed the Japanese commanders on Formosa "filled with nervous apprehension" over the thought that MacArthur might send his bombers against Formosa. All this, of course, is old history, but the sins of omission Whitney commits in this episode recur again and again—in the story of the reforms MacArthur undertook in Japan; in the tragic tale of MacArthur's faulty Intelligence, which enabled the Red Chinese armies to surprise his forces in Korea; and especially in the whole story of the great debate on whether to strike beyond the Yalu or not.

AS A historian, Whitney employs crude tools. One of these is to commit to oblivion most of those who had served at MacArthur's elbow—General Dyke, who helped draft the land reform bill; Colonel Mashbir, an early crony; General Baker, who tended the busy publicity machine; and General Fellers, who supplied some of MacArthur's own political philosophy. Along with scores of others, they go ignored in this huge book. Like Stalin in some of the Soviet war films, MacArthur is a giant alone, communing only with himself or with Whitney, generating his own ideas, thinking only in global terms and ever pursuing his "mission."

The other Whitney device is to brand all those who failed to share MacArthur's ideas as fools, cowards or traitors. The book is studded with such expressions as "the anti-MacArthur coterie," "cabal," "conspiracy," "infamous plot." And in the gallery of villains one finds Truman and Acheson, Generals Marshall, Bradley, Collins and Vandenberg, a slew of admirals, the New York *Times,* the Washington *Post* and many, many others. If this is history, what is one to think of this passage: "It seems clear that when President Truman, Secretaries Acheson and Johnson, and General Bradley met in the White House office and decided to go into war, their intention at the outset was not to use American lives as pawns in lengthy bargaining sessions with the leaders of Asian communism. I cannot believe—and neither can MacArthur—that these men plotted among themselves to kill 31,000 United States soldiers and spend 22 billion dollars only to ruin American prestige all over Asia. But this was the actual result of the policies they adopted."

No, Whitney has served MacArthur ill in this book, and he has served history still worse. For this volume is permeated with "the Spirit of the Dai-Ichi Building," MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo, where loyalty to "The Chief" was put above all other loyalties, where an American general functioned as if he were a Roman pro-consul, where any criticism was regarded as a Red plot and where men openly accused the President of the United States of "plotting" against his subordinate. If one wants petulant and bellicose pamphleteering, written in the "MacArthur Baroque," this is it. If one seeks an image of an American demigod, one can find it here. (Whitney's comment on MacArthur's dismissal: "This was, indeed, MacArthur's finest hour, the hour of mental crucifixion and martyrdom. . . .") But history, never!

The O'Neills

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT. By Eugene O'Neill. Yale University Press. $3.75.

By Harold Clurman

EUGENE O'NEILL wrote this play in 1940. Since it is a painfully autobiographical work, he did not wish to have it published or performed until twenty-five years after his death. His wife, Carlotta Monterey O'Neill, to whom the play is touchingly dedicated, has consented to have it published here and performed in Sweden three years after his death. I believe she was right. Who knows what such a play—or any play—will mean twenty-five years after an author's death? At the present moment, the play is a precious gift to us—regardless of its ultimate value.

I say this, though on a first reading I cannot determine what I actually think of it as a work of art or simply as a play. I am moved and fascinated by it in a personal way. The fact that the Swedes were held by it and did not complain of its four and one-half hours of playing length indicates something about its theatrical viability. It is indisputable that O'Neill's plays are nearly always more impressive on the stage than on the printed page. I should very much like to see this play done on or off Broadway. If such a play is "impractical" for our theatre, so much the worse for our theatre. The play is the testament of the most serious playwright our country has produced.

To say this is not to set oneself down as an unqualified O'Neill admirer. O'Neill was a faulty craftsman; he was not a sound thinker. Though he probably read more extensively and profoundly than most of our playwrights, O'Neill could not by any "universal" standard be considered a cultivated man. His view of life is circumscribed, he is often raw, naive, sentimental and pessimistic in a somewhat adolescent manner.

Yet to dwell on these shortcomings as if they negate the value of the man to our stage and to our culture is to confess one's own inadequate and bloodless response to the world we live in. For in a time and place where life is experienced either as a series of mechanistic jerks or sipped in polite doses of borrowed sophistication (when it is not dully recorded in a sort of statistical spiritual bookkeeping) O'Neill not only lived intensely but attempted with perilous honesty to contemplate, absorb and digest the meaning of his life and ours. He possessed an uncompromising devotion to the task he set himself: to present and interpret in stage terms what he had lived through and thought about—a devotion unique in our theatre.

What do we discover in *Long Day's Journey Into Night*? Not only the specific sources of O'Neill's suffering: the father, whom he hated

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and loved, an old-time star actor with the yearning of an artist and the confusion of an ignorant boy ruined by the stage and by the general environment of the gas-light era; the mother, an innocent woman, isolated and bereft of everything but conventional "protection" and finally resorting to the solace of drugs; an older brother whose only rebellion is in blasphemy and alcohol; O'Neill himself, a hypersensitive tubercular boy in quest of a God whose Word builds no true house and achieves no tangible body in the brick desert of the New York to which his father came from the famines of Ireland.

We find O'Neill trying to probe the meaning of all this, making an almost violent effort not only to understand but to forgive—to free himself from resentment, to fight the fate which, as in the Greek plays, seems to burden him unmercifully because of the antecedent crimes of his family heritage.

The family's Catholicism is not so much a faith as a guilt. Because he feels guilt, O'Neill shifts between a self-pity which he despises and a burning blame which he keeps trying in this play (and his whole work) to fight off. The accusation of his own guilt and obsessive desire to purge himself of it through blame nags at him: hence the repetitiousness of phrases and scenes; it is a planned repetitiousness, often wearisome to the reader (or the spectator) but organic to the author.

FROM THIS sense of guilt—all his characters suffer it in one form or another—and a corresponding sense that the guilt feeling is in itself a sin or at least a fatal blemish comes a constant alternation of mood. Every character speaks in two voices, two moods—one of rage, the other of apology. This produces a kind of moral schizophrenia which in some of O'Neill's other plays has necessitated an interior monologue and a speech for social use *(Strange Interlude),* or, as in *The Great God Brown* and *Days Without End,* two sets of masks. In this everlasting duality with its equal pressures in several directions lies the brooding power, the emotional grip of O'Neill's work.

There are unforgettable speeches and scenes in this play. One of them is the father's confession of how he was destroyed by the success of a romantic melodrama which he felt constrained to play almost throughout his career because it guaranteed him thirty to forty thousand a year. (The triumph and doom of James O'Neill's life was the endless run all over the country of *The Count of Monte-Cristo.)* This is deeply perceptive as well as moving, because it not only touches off the usual case of the artist damaged by commerce, but because O'Neill shows how his immigrant father's fear of poverty led to a concern about money ("stinginess" his family called it) for which his sons hated him and which led to many disasters ostensibly remote from their point of origin. This is a dominant American (O'Neill) theme which finds many symbolic variant expressions in the plays: *Desire Under the Elms, The Great God Brown, Marco Millions.*

The father's confession leads to the boy's (the author's) own confession of what his youthful escapades at sea have meant to him: it is a dream of beatitude, a seeking for God and wholeness—as direct, unabashed and truly soulful as any ever to be written by an American dramatist. To which his father replies "Yes, there's the *makings* of a poet in you all right" and O'Neill answers "The *makings* of a poet.... I couldn't touch what I tried to tell you just now. I just stammered. That's the best I'll ever do.... Well, it will be faithful realism at least."

O'Neill's work is more than realism. And if it is stammering—it is still the most eloquent and significant stammer of the American theatre. We have not yet developed a cultivated speech that is either superior to it or as good.

Amour Sous Cloche

ASPECTS OF LOVE. By David Garnett. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

By Maude Hutchins

IT IS NOT necessary to tell the story of *Aspects of Love* by David Garnett, beloved author of that *Lady Into Fox* that so delighted us all a score of years ago. It has been told by all the reviewers and as innocently as Mr. Garnett himself has told it. But just for the record: Alexis loves Rose; Rose loves Alexis; George loves Giulietta; Giulietta loves George. Soon Rose loves George; George loves Rose. After awhile Rose loves Vincent; Vincent loves Rose; Alexis loves Jenny; Jenny loves Alexis. That's all, except George used to love Delia; Alexis sleeps with Giulietta; Rose and Giulietta embrace passionately for a sentence or two. None of it is unpleasant; everyone is Mr. Garnett, as Emma, according to her author, was Flaubert. Perhaps it is confusing to bring in Flaubert; there is no realism in this story, and Flaubert felt like Emma, while in *Aspects of Love* all the characters talk like Mr. Garnett. Even the God-damns and bloody-hells are adorable. It proves perhaps how unimportant a "story" is to a work of art. It's like the trick of saying, *sotto voce,* "I just murdered my mother" as you go down the receiving line, and the president's wife will say, "Howdja do."

Alexis has pale gray eyes with black eyelashes; Rose large green eyes, and George is gray and Moorit wool. They are two-dimensional cut-outs as pretty as can be, paper dolls, and they all fit into one another's clothes with no alterations necessary. Alexis wears George's "fluffy tweeds" and Rose and Jenny both change into Delia's gown and look lovely.

There is absolutely nothing to trouble you in *Aspects of Love,* so read it and forget it, it's nice. Mr. Garnett tells us that these charming people do all sorts of things, but don't worry, they really and truly don't. No one will identify himself or herself with Alexis, or Rose, or George anymore than if, and one wishes it were: Alexis into Gopher, Rose into Praying Mantis, and George into Chinchilla. Fortunately no Censor into Eager Beaver will blue-pencil any of it, for the reason that it will not remind him of his own delinquency. "Do not on any account come to Paris, you are not wanted," Rose wires Alexis. Forget it, it doesn't mean a thing. One does wish that green-eyed Rose, premiere ballerina, would not roar with

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laughter so much, that Giulietta and Alexis would come out of the hayloft less hay-ridden and without leaving the mark of their bodies as evidence, that TV and such contemporania had been left out, that the electrician hadn't been called to make it so probable that Alexis really did get those meals—not so much meals as menus—we are told the two lovers consumed one after the other in George's villa directly after breaking in. "Croissants, curls of butter and a pot of Oxford marmalade." In no time at all after breakfast (remember they went there to make love)—a breakfast of "a jug of coffee and one of hot milk and toasted rolls"—they sit down to a luncheon consisting of "a *pate de campagne,* half a cold chicken, a fresh salad and a bottle of Gaillac," which is a delicious, cool, regional wine. It is true that for dessert "they went upstairs silently" and afterwards "they were too full of speculations to sleep."

BUT EVEN the old gardener, "I'd rather have a stuffed leg of lamb," he says, than Rose, a vulgar touch. As for Alexis and the rest of us, we'll take "globe artichokes and vinaigrette sauce" and stain our lips with "Marc" and accept Rose, too. "Kisses or omelet?" asks Alexis, and "What about the pate of chicken?" says Rose.

Never mind, it's delicious; you'll like it, *Aspects of Love.*

History of History

MAN ON HIS PAST. The Study of the History of Historical Scholarship. By Herbert Butterfield. Cambridge University Press. $4.50.

By Ernest Nagel

THERE ARE many reasons why men write histories, but surely not the least important is the illumination of the present by exhibiting the operation of assumed causes in the past. On the other hand, there is no end to the writing of the history of even a single period. This is so, not only because fresh evidence may become available, but also because new standards of scholarship may be brought to bear and fresh perspectives may be found. The history of historiography is accordingly a fascinating, liberalizing and often humbling study. It reveals the frequently incongruous aims for which historical inquiry is undertaken, the curious uses to which historical literature is sometimes put and the diverse notions of what constitutes competent evidence to which historians subscribe. It also displays the wide gamut of conceptions which men have had of themselves, and of the role which human effort, chance and necessity play in human affairs. The history of historical writing can thus serve as a safeguard against intellectual provincialism, as a reminder that the reconstruction of the past is full of pitfalls and uncertainties and as compelling evidence for the fact that the historical writing of a period is intimately related to other human activities of the period, and in particular to the state of other intellectual disciplines.

Professor Butterfield is fully sensitive to the liberalizing values of the study of historiography. His present volume, however, is in the main a heavily learned discussion of just one period in the development of historical writing, the period from the middle of the eighteenth century to the beginning of the present one, which marked the rise and spread of the modern German school of "scientific" historical scholarship. Indeed, his attention remains focussed chiefly on the work of Ranke and Lord Acton. Although he makes evident that the views these men held on the nature of history and its method were intimately related to the place of the European state-systems in world affairs, he has relatively little to say about the influence upon their thought of other intellectual and social movements. By far the best thing in the book is the account of the long inquiry into the causes of the Seven Years War—a revealing analysis of initially erroneous imputations and eventually successful acute detective work. But the book promises and suggests more than it actually contains.

Professor Butterfield's own reflections on the aims and methods of history appear only as judicious marginalia on the men he is discussing. He dissents from the stress they place on political and diplomatic history, and expresses his belief in the greater significance of the development of science for understanding the modern scene. He agrees with them in holding political action to be an indispensable framework for any adequate world history. He does not think historians can be held responsible for the political uses to which their work may be put; but he insists that the historian must employ a logic of evidence which pays no homage to political and religious commitments.

On one important issue Professor Butterfield does take a puzzling stand. He appears to hold that a providential interpretation of the historical process is not only an intelligible one, but is also in some sense a valid one, though he asserts that the technical historian cannot officially subscribe to it. For he suggests that in dismissing such an interpretation, the historian may be misled into supposing that there has been "eliminated from life" the things with which the technical tools of the trade happen not to deal. Such a standpoint, however, takes away with one hand what was previously offered by the other; and its effect is to offer a cloak of respectability for any interpretation of the past, provided only that the interpretation is advanced as the product of some special insight or some higher wisdom.

ERNEST NAGEL is a member of the Department of Philosophy at Columbia University.

EYE-WITNESS REPORTS FROM ISRAEL

First-hand coverage of the significant developments in Israel will be coming in March from *Nation* correspondent Dan Wakefield. A fine reporter, Wakefield is known to *Nation* readers for his on-the-spot coverage of the Till case and other stories.

SPRING BOOK ISSUE
April 14

John Dos Passos
by Maxwell Geismar

The Tolkien Triology
by Edmund Wilson
Essays, Reviews, Poetry

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Paul Klee

PAUL KLEE. By Will Grohmann. Harry N. Abrams. $15.
THE MIND AND WORK OF PAUL KLEE. By Werner Haftmann. Frederick A. Praeger. $5.

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

GROHMANN'S large volume may be considered the first draft of a definitive catalogue and analysis: it contains illustrations of nearly 475 works of all kinds and dates. This total bulks small in Klee's complete production of some 9,000 items, but the selection was made by Klee himself in the last year of his life and is thoroughly representative. Klee also helped his friend Grohmann to outline the seventy-five-page biographical essay. The book includes a 250-page discussion of Klee's work, a brief account of his teaching methods, a classified catalogue of all works reproduced, a chronological catalogue of these works, a complete bibliography and indices. Nearly forty of the plates are in color, and of exceptionally fine quality, and there is also a group of photographs of Klee and his circle.

Haftmann's book, first published in Munich five years ago, is a 200-page essay organized topically but in roughly chronological order. Less ambitious than Grohmann's, it is also less diffuse and it goes deeper into the labyrinths of its subject's mind. Perhaps its value can be suggested by thinking of it as a full-scale extension of Georg Schmidt's word-poems of ten years ago, and as a systematic ordering of their implications.

IT SEEMS ever clearer to me that Paul Klee is, with Picasso, the major genius in painting that the twentieth century has so far produced. Klee has been called, with reason, a great *minor* artist (Watteau and Simone Martini are others), but as one comprehends the scope of his imagination, the variety of his achievement, and the immensity of his total output—not to mention the life-and-death content of his bold late works—one can foresee a different judgment. Perhaps, after all, the epic

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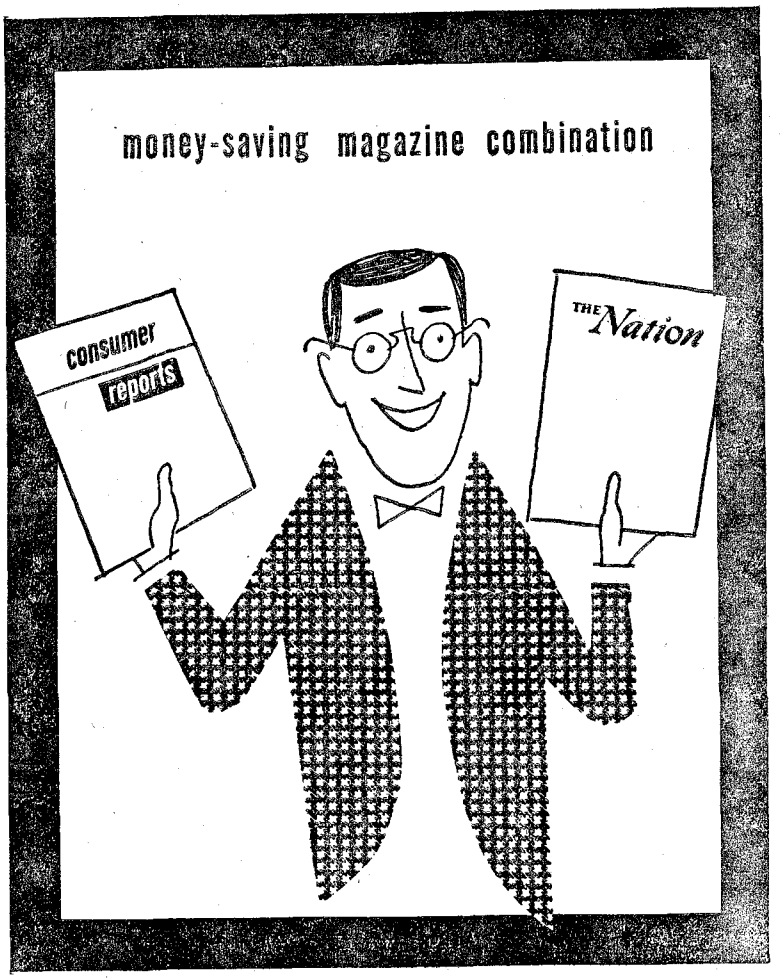

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exists in the small lyrical poem, Michelangelo in a little predella by Masaccio, Titian in a vaporous suggestion by Giorgione, Rubens in Watteau, and in Simone even the mosaics of Hagia Sofia.

James in His Letters

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF HENRY JAMES. Edited with an Introduction by Leon Edel. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $4.

By Saul Maloff

AS EVERYBODY KNOWS, the obvious way to assemble a selection of the letters of a great writer who was also a writer of great letters is first to include all those which resound with the famous phrases that have already become part of the literary tradition and the efficient vocabulary of criticism; and then to arrange them in chronological order. It is an affront to be denied the sweet pleasures of recognition and a tranquil journey along a smooth progression of time. Moreover, the method is eminently reasonable. But Mr. Edel, who has already given us in *Henry James: The Untried Years* the excellent first volume of what promises to become the definitive biography of his subject, is not a reasonable man; and in declining the strategy of convenience, he gives us now an imaginatively edited sampling of the massive correspondence and an illuminating introduction to some of the astonishing variety of ways the novelist had of being Henry James.

MR. EDEL has classified the letters (at least 7,000 have survived) into "types" or "categories"—of persons and of content: his friends, his fellow-artists (the terms "colleague" and "confrere" better reflect his sense of the community of letters), his "business" associates (editors, publishers, producers), his acquaintances; and for each category has supplied representative examples. With a mere 120 of these the editor is nevertheless able to afford us a steady look at the *kinds* of James's letters, an inferred glimpse at the entire body of work which they represent, and some real sense of the modes of his relationships and intimacies—as a man and as a man of letters.

Clearly Mr. Edel has had to sacrifice a good deal, and he is sharply aware of this: not merely in omitting some of the most famous (which are also some of the greatest) letters; but in discarding chronology for category, he has also sometimes to a disconcerting degree disrupted our sense of the continuous enrichment of style and sensibility which are beautifully revealed in the long course of James's correspondence, and which reflect the almost uninterrupted gathering of his powers as an artist. But if that loss is to be regretted, the abundance of James's epistolary genius and his remarkably consistent quality in part offset the famous omissions.

For what is most striking is that the letters are not what were left over when the energies of the day had been exhausted in his chief work: the feeling and tone, the intelligence and compassion, the insights and hard brilliance are characteristically, uniquely James. The note is lucid and infallibly *right* whether it is the extended pirouette of the manner he called "the mere twaddle of graciousness"; whether he is bargaining with an editor or publisher, considering with a "confrere" the craft of fiction, or consoling a bereaved friend ("We have been sitting in darkness for nearly a fortnight, but what is *our* darkness to the extinction of your magnificent light?" he writes to Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson following the death of her husband).

WHAT we needed to be reminded of is his inextinguishable exultation in life and consciousness—even in 1914. (He writes in response to the "melancholy" and "unmitigated blackness" of a letter of Henry Adams: "*Of course* we are lone survivors, of course the past that was our lives is at the bottom of the abyss . . . (but) I still find my consciousness interesting. . . . Cultivate it *with* me, dear Henry.") Sustaining him always was the delicious Jamesian pleasure of being "interminably super-subtle and analytic," of being " a rapacious and shameless observer" (as he writes in the brilliant letter to Mrs. F. H. Hill). No matter what the occasion, he was always (as he wrote of himself in the great letter to Adams cited above) "that queer monster, the artist, an obstinate finality, an inexhaustible sensibility."

SAUL MALOFF, a free-lance editor and critic, formerly taught English at the universities of Iowa, Michigan and Indiana.

The Royal Pawn

THE GRAND MADEMOISELLE. By Francis Steegmuller. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.75.

By Joseph Wood Krutch

The "glories" of the great court of Louis XIII and Louis XIV are a familiar story. So too are the wrongs it did to the people of France. Less has been said of the wrongs it did to itself, but that is really the theme of this lively biography. The life of the niece of Louis XIII was an almost complete frustration because the French nobles had imposed upon themselves a system of values about as foreign to human nature as any which ever dominated a European civilization. It is difficult to believe that the majority of them ever got much satisfaction out of their power, their wealth or their uncomfortable luxury and Mademoiselle was certainly aware that she did not. Too important as a political pawn either to marry anybody or to do much of anything she ever wanted to do, she remained more sensible and more cheerful than most or than would seem possible.

Francis Steegmuller has told her story with large use of the memoirs she wrote to relieve her boredom and makes of it an extremely readable book. The contretemps on the occasion of her funeral seems a fitting symbol of the general failure of her age to maintain even the decorum it set so much store by. Saint-Simon describes it thus: "In the midst of the proceedings . . . the urn containing Mademoiselle's entrails exploded with a frightful noise and an intolerable stench. . . . The entrails had been badly embalmed."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is a well-known critic and writer.

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Music

B. H. Haggin

I MUSICI, at their second Town Hall concert, played several unfamiliar pieces by Galuppi, Torelli, Giordani and Vivaldi that were not as outstandingly beautiful as the well-known Corelli Concerto Grosso Op. 6 No. 8 and Vivaldi Concerto Grosso in D minor from *L'Estro Armonico*. But even the lesser pieces were made attractive by string playing that was extraordinary in its precision of execution, its transparency and beauty of blended tone, its refinement of phrasing, its warmth and grace. During most of the performances the pianist Maria Teresa Garatti provided discreet realizations of the continuo parts; but as the soloist in Giordani's Piano Concerto in C she asserted herself with some of the most unpleasantly percussive sounds I can recall ever hearing.

At Eugene Istomin's piano recital at the Frick Collection, on the other hand, one admired the unfailingly considerate treatment of the instrument that made it sound well at all times. With this there was musical warmth and sensitiveness which worked best in Schumann's Variations on the name "Abegg," but produced performances of Chopin's F sharp major Nocturne and F minor Ballade that I found a little too mannered; and I would say Haydn calls for more incisive treatment than Istomin gave the Sonata No. 11. His playing had this incisiveness in Beethoven's *Waldstein* Sonata, and the middle movement gained in power from being played adagio instead of the usual andante—all of which encourages the hope that as he continues to play Beethoven's music Istomin will achieve even more of its power.

MUCH of the unfamiliar music that has been played by the Little Orchestra Society could have been left unplayed; but the Schubert Mass in A flat which it offered at a recent Town Hall concert turned out to be a work of the matured Schubert with many pages characteristic in their loveliness and others characteristic in their grandeur. Moreover, Scherman achieved a fine-sounding and effective performance of the work with the excellent Trinity Church Choir and Radio Choir and a group of first-rate soloists consisting of Janet Southwick, soprano, Madelyn Vose, mezzo-soprano, Grant Williams, tenor, and Salvatore Collura, baritone.

OF THE two Oiseau-Lyre records entitled "Masters of Early English Keyboard Music," 50075 begins with seven organ pieces which date from about 1325 to 1624—the first engagingly archaic, the third strangely dissonant in its ostinato-like wanderings over an ostinato bass, the seventh a richly sonorous *Fancy* by Gibbons. Then four harpsichord pieces, of which a *Pavyon* by Newman, a *Galiardo* by Bull, and Gibbons' *Pavin and Galiardo the Lord of Salisbury* are very fine. On the reverse side are four moderately engaging pieces for clavichord, and several additional harpsichord pieces, of which a Fugue by Roseingrave is richly sonorous and an Allegro by Arne in a style reminiscent of Domenico Scarlatti is charming. One side of 50076 has several fine harpsichord pieces by Byrd, including two other Pavans and Galliards in addition to the best-known Pavan and two Galliards called *Earl of Salisbury*. The other side has several good pieces for harpsichord and organ by Tomkins, including a beautiful Pavan and Galliard in A minor. Thurston Dart's performances of all this music on the three instruments are excellent.

Oiseau-Lyre 50041 offers several concertos for oboe and strings and a couple for strings alone in five parts by Albinoni, played by an instrumental group under Froment with Pierlot as oboe soloist. One can hear in these pieces that Albinoni was a contemporary of Vivaldi, but they are engaging and lovely in their own right. Pierlot's tone and phrasing are very beautiful, and the string group plays well.

Arne's masque *Comus*, a charming musical setting of the text of Milton with additions by John Dalton, is on Oiseau-Lyre 50070/1, sung well by Margaret Ritchie, Elsie Morison and William Herbert with chorus and orchesta under Anthony Lewis.

And finally Oiseau-Lyre offers two works of Handel—his opera *Sosarme* on 50091/2/3, and his oratorio *Semele* on 50098/9/100—of which most of us know only the beautiful aria *Rendi il seren al ciglio* from *Sosarme* and the famous *Oh sleep, why dost thou leave me?* and *Where'er you walk* from *Semele*. The writing in *Sosarme* is good, and on occasion as lovely and touching as *Rendi il seren al ciglio* and the other music given to Elmira. But it doesn't rise to the inspired level of the radiant arias and choruses of Act 2 of *Semele*, or of some of the things in Act 3: the extraordinary orchestral evocation of the cave of sleep at the beginning, Jupiter's agitated *Ah, take heed* later on, his mournful *Ah, whither is she gone!*, Semele's moving *Ah me! too late I now repent*, the chorus' powerful *Oh terror and astonishment!* I find Alfred Deller's countertenor incongruous in *Sosarme*, and Margaret Ritchie's voice

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dry, but they sing well, as do William Herbert and Ian Wallace; and *Semele* has excellent singing by Jennifer Vyvyan and Herbert. Anthony Lewis conducts effectively in both performances.

Letters

Witch Hunt in Ohio

Dear Sirs: Last summer I came to Tiffin, Ohio, with my family. The State of Ohio, through its director of Psychiatric Social Service in the Department of Mental Hygiene, and that community via its director of the Mental Health Clinic, had asked me to assume the position of Chief Psychiatric Social Worker, convinced that I had the qualifications they were seeking. Six weeks after I came, a Mr. Isaacs, now of the state attorney general's office and formerly counsel to the Ohio Un-American Activities Committee, visited me. Hinting broadly of what he "had" about my past, he asked that I inform on friends. I flatly refused to turn informer.

Rumors about me began to circulate in Tiffin. Pressure was exerted on the clinic, then undergoing its annual camuaign for funds. On November 29 I was asked to resign. There were no grounds given, and my request for a hearing was denied. Only two alternatives were offered: either I resigned or the position would be abolished. The latter course was eventually followed.

I am determined to do all in my power to gain reinstatement. I see this as part of the fight necessary to regain civil liberties for all Americans. My family, wife and three children, and I would appreciate any suggestions and support your readers can offer.

HERMAN P. SCHUCHMANN
430 E. Market St.
Tiffin, Ohio.

"Dugout Doug"

Dear Sirs: Life Magazine's recent attempted deification of General Douglas MacArthur ("Dugout Doug" to the Veterans of the Bataan-Corregidor-Philippine Island campaign) is a pompous fraud. As one of 4,000 survivors of approximately 32,000 Americans captured in the Philippines, I believe he is indirectly responsible for the 28,000 who died. The captain of a sinking ship is bound to stay with his vessel until all hands are rescued. An army officer, I believe, has the same responsibility.

"Dugout Doug," however, preferred to take a powder just before the surrender of Corregidor. In four months, 20,000 American and Filipino troops perished in Camp O'Donnel, where I attempted to practice medicine but spent most of my time separating the living from the dead. If "Dugout Doug" had accepted surrender, our lot would have been more tolerable and many of my men would be alive today.

In my opinion and that of other students of the war, victory in the Pacific was delayed by "Dugout Doug's" colossal blundering. An order for the by-passing of the Philippines had been drawn up by General Marshall and Admiral Nimitz. Plans called for an attack on relatively weakly held Formosa, leaving hundreds of thousands of Jap troops stranded in the Philippine Archipelago.

"Dugout Doug" feuded with Roosevelt over this plan. The President reluctantly over-ruled General Marshall. The invasion of the Philippine Islands took place with the resultant death and disability to hundreds of thousands of American soldiers, sailors, aviators and Filipino civilians. As a pay-off "Dugout Doug" got his staged picture taken wading ashore while spouting his characteristic purple rhetoric: "I have returned!" Veterans of the Pacific will see through the "malarkey" printed about "Dugout Doug" in Life Magazine.

ALFRED A. WINSTEIN, M. D.
Atlanta, Georgia.

[The reader's attention is called to Mark Gayn's review of Major General Courtney Whitney's book, MacArthur, on page 181 of this issue. Mr. Gayn's views differ in some important respects from those of the letter writer.]

Peace Without Prosperity

Dear Sirs: A nice piece of writing, John Bauer's Peace Proposal in the issue of November 26, but to what end? There'll be no agreement, there'll be no enforcement. Why? Because Mr. Bauer's plan would cause peace to "break out," and once that begins what happens to our economy? The policy now being carried out by the State Department, based on prosperity by military spending and whooping up the thirty-five-year-old Red scare, makes for an economy of absolute waste but results in tremendous prosperity. Is John Bauer ready to wreck that economy? Our leaders probably feel they are sufficiently adroit jugglers to keep it up for a long time.

ROBERT KARGER
El Cajon, Calif.

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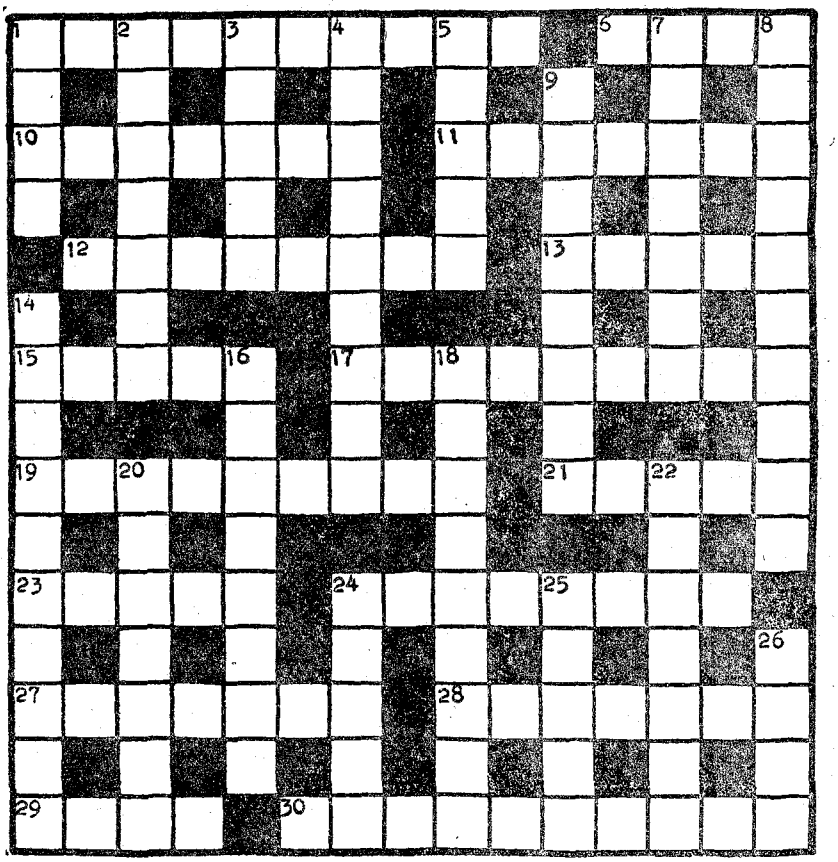
Crossword Puzzle No. 661

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 30 across
6 See 1 down ,
10 Such things get around a bit with men running through. (7)
11 A girl belonging to a foreign foreign country? (7)
12 Atoms from a 3 plant, and plenty of them! (8)
13 One would expect to find a Royal one in Colorado, rather than at Henry the Eighth's table. (5)
15 First and last, the author of this puzzle might show it in all modesty. (5)
17 Tied it in a knot, to get started! (9)
19 What a firefly has is certainly not top-heavy. (9)
21 Rue the place to find such an Arab! (5)
23 Not exactly a whooping cough. (5)
24 How kind, O fool! (8)
27 Acting like Tom, or one of his chicks? (7)
28 Would such a person be rather choosey? (7)
29 The young man referred to in 27 lost the use of his. (4)
30 and 1 across Teller's entry—possibly by means of 9 and 14? (3,7,5, 1,4)

DOWN

1 and 6 across They probably don't believe directions for cooking chicken! (8)
2 Some people give the former a latter to get the oil off before using. (7)
3 and 26 down Should be rather close to "gun-metal." (5,4)
4 Drumming on one's chest, perhaps. (9)
5 Raises were given to servicemen quite patriotically. (5)
7 Taken out of context (except for the major part of it)? (7)
8 Temporarily stopping, or just holding on to things which are 9? (10)
9 and 14 Not necessarily part of a suspended sentence. (8, 10)
16 Sometimes indicated thus_____(8)
18 Such a person shouldn't turn out well. (9)
20 Men go crazy, that is to extremes, when she shows up! (7)
22 A person with a driving point of course! (Still might be in deep!) (7)
24 Lodge (not necessarily related to the Ancient Order of Hibernians!) (5)
25 One answer to the question might be self-evident, when decapitated. (5)
26 See 3 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 660

ACROSS: 1 PITCH; 4 and 2 A BOLT FROM THE BLUE; 9 CHERISH; 10 WHATNOT; 11 and 13 YELLOWED; 12 STATE; 16 EXEMPTS; 17 RUMBLES; 19 MACHINE; 22, 26, 31, 28 down, 29, 14 down and 5 down JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL TO FETCH A PAIL OF WATER; 24 ISIS; 25 CRASH; 30 ICINESS; 32 LET UP. DOWN: 1 PACHYDERM; 3 HAIL; 4 ACHATES; 6 TEAL; 7 RENEWAL; 8 MUTED; 15 SMACK; 18 SADDLES UP; 20 CHIFFON; 21 EARSHOT; 22 JASMINE; 23 ALIMENT; 24 IN TOW; 27 ATTU.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, New York

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